

## On and Off the Stage.

## JANET WALDORF.

The Japan Weekly Mail of July 1st says that an open air performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, given by the Waldorf company, was a success, there being fully 500 people present.

Another *alfresco* presentation of "As You Like It," was also given with credit, the balance of the caste in both plays being filled by local amateurs. The Japanese local press gives praise to Miss Waldorf, especially commending her *Rosalind* preferring Mr. McGregor's work also in the second play. Miss Cranna is somewhat criticised as *Celia*, played here by Miss Boyer, and the press generally deplore the lack of interest shown in Shakespeare as against the lighter attractions of Vaudeville.

## The Orpheum.

Good houses continue nightly at the Orpheum and the entertainment afforded is well up to the excellent standard the management has presented of late. The first part sketches, summarised editions of standard plays are most successful. Post and Marion are always funny. Boggs and Haeward still do sterling work, their performance is invariably clever. The Hartwell sisters are steadily growing in favor, as are the Salvinis while the team work done by the quartette deserves more than passing commendation. Few of the "folks in front" realize the constant strain on muscle and nerve, the ceaseless watchfulness and care necessary to the smartly executed tumblings and posturings of such a turn. The latest addition M. Troibert will doubtless prove a drawing card.

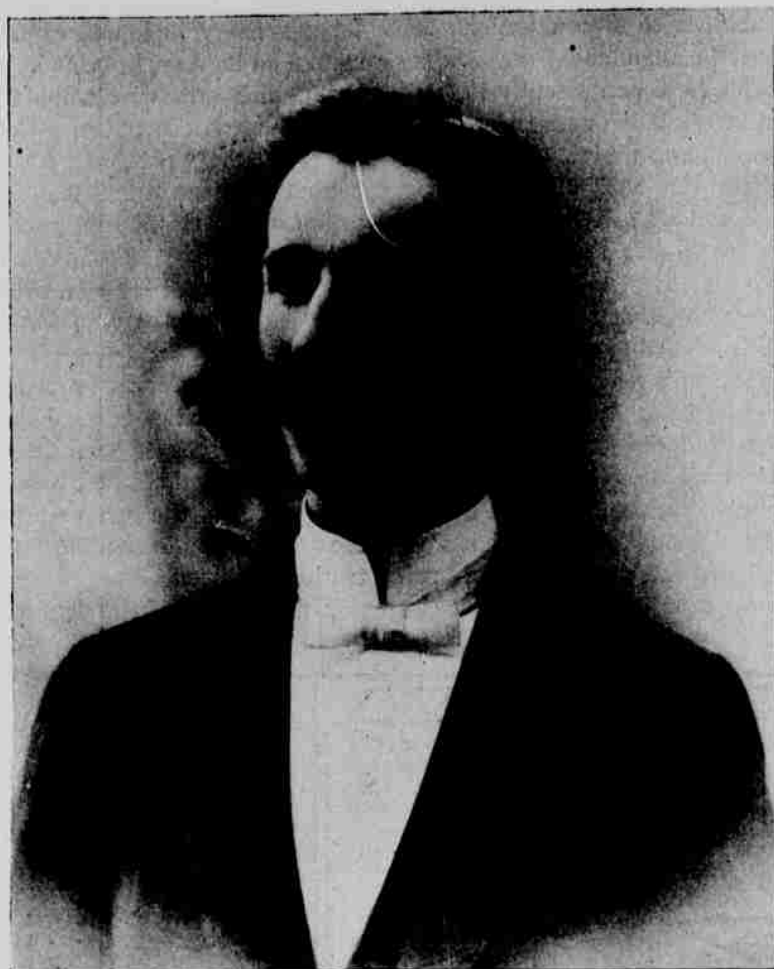
The action of the management in bringing down one or two performers at a time thus constantly freshing and changing the program is much to be commended and decidedly preferable to the old plan of changing the whole company at once, with never a fresh face between the eight week intervals.

It is rumored that the lately wedded wife of Paderewski, the Baroness de Ross, was the Delilah who induced the pianist to part with his flowing head of hair.

M. Troibert, whose portrait we print with the issue opened successfully at the Orpheum on Wednesday evening. M. Troibert came with high recommendations as a wizard and humorist and bids fair to fully come up to the high standard promised by his advance notices.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome paid a flying visit to London recently and returned again to Germany, where he proposes to live at least two years more. It was learned during his visit that he has given up the idea of writing a novel in the meantime. His next publication will probably be called *Three men on a Bicycle*, and will relate the incidents of a tour in the Black Forest.

Exception should be taken to a recent writer in the *Dramatic Mirror* who, in a somewhat lengthy article on theatricals in the Orient, describes Honolulu as a *good* show town, meaning good from a managerial standpoint. Everybody goes to everything that comes says he. This is a mistake that should be eliminated from the minds of Eastern managers. Honolulu audiences have their vagaries, their likes and dislikes have baffled various managements, and they most emphatically will not accept anything on which they have not put their seal of approval. A medium company hoping to gain laurels and shekels from an eager and suburban populace had much better keep the home side of the 2,000 miles of water between Honolulu and 'Frisco town.



TROIBERT

## Who are Anglo-Saxons?

Much talk being indulged in all over the English speaking world as to the wonderful achievements, and marvelous destiny of what men are pleased to call the Anglo-Saxon race. But the phrase is a misnomer. There is no Anglo-Saxon race, no, not even in Great Britain. Even the original Angles are believed to have been a mixed people, whose origin is enshrouded in the lost mysteries of history. Then came the migrations and conquests of the Danes, the Normans, the Romans, etc. Then again the Highlands of Scotland were purely Celtic, and Ireland very largely so. Hence the British became a piebald race beyond any other on earth, and nothing can more falsify history than to classify them as Anglo-Saxons. When we come to consider our American pedigree, the case is even worse. Hither have come all races and conditions of men. The down-trodden, persecuted and poor of all the earth found an asylum here. Britain Germany, France, Austria, Italy, Russia, Hungary, and all the nations of Europe have sent their people in such numbers that in little more than a century we have become a nation of 75,000,000 people. The educated Huguenot, the ignorant African, and the savage Indian have become more or less absorbed in this strange medley of mixed races, and out of it all has come a people as distinct in thought, manners and customs as any in Europe—the Americans. We are not Latins, or Germans, or Scandinavians, or Anglo-Saxons, but simply Americans. We take but little pride in the accident of birth, but are proud and self-respecting in regard to what we are. We know no other people on earth with whom we would swap pedigrees. Truth to tell, we have many reasons for self-satisfaction. Our men are excelling in the arts of both peace and war, while our women are developing a grace and beauty that are captivating the world. To

phrase-making there is no end, and often little or no meaning, but if a phrase be given a meaning acceptable to all, it is usually allowed to pass at that. If Anglo-Saxonism is to stand for and represent the whole English speaking world, it may be accounted a very happy expression. On the contrary, it is to divide Americans into German groups, Latin groups, British groups and the like, the sooner it is discarded the better. In that case "the English speaking world" might be found an acceptable substitute. In time it would embrace all the commercial races, for English is bound to become the Universal language of commerce.

## Sunset.

What pageants have I seen, what plenitude  
Of pomp, what hosts in Tyrian rich array,  
Crowding the mystic outgate of the day:  
What silent hosts, pursuing or pursued,  
And all their track with wealthy wreckage strewn.  
What seas that roll in waves of gold and gray,  
What flowers, what flame, what gems in blent display,  
What wide-spread pinions of the phoenix brood?

Give me a window opening on the west  
And the full splendor of the setting sun.  
There let me stand and gaze, and think no more  
If I be poor, or old, or all unblest;  
And when my sands of life are quite outrun,  
May my soul follow thro' the day's wide door!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

## To Sleep.

To sleep! To sleep! The long bright day is done,  
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.  
To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day:  
Whate'er the griefs, in sleep they pass away.  
To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past:  
Sleep, happy soul, all life must sleep at last.  
To sleep! to sleep!

ALFRED TENNYSON.